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Part 1

Comment if ya want... Plz

Loki P.O.V

The colours died down and the bright sun hit my skinny, weak frame, yep this is Midgard. A bunch of eyes were on me as I looked around, with my tired eyes.
Let me explain what happened.

After I got smashed by the green monster, the Hulk, I gained my senses but then a muzzle was planted on my face. In front of me, the 'Avengers', as they call themselves, stood there looking down at me. Ugh, these pathetic mortals dare look down at me.

Later on, when I reached Asgard, Heimdal greeted Thor and... me, surprisingly. A guard added fetters that were attached, using chains, to the handcuffs and the shackle around my neck. If I could, I would've scoffed, Odin uses too many chains and fusses so much about me being restrained. At least these people fear me.

I reached the throne room, finally, may I add, and then got my punishment. It was helping the Avengers, after staying in prison on Asgard for a month. Little did I know that the prison was way worse than what I thought.

I got beaten every day by the guards; no one knew not even Odin knew, which is saying something because he knows everything (creepy).

This included being burned, hit, punched, whipped and loads more that I don't want to burden you with. All of these left scars because, somehow, they found weapons, such as knives, that were cursed, and stabbed me and then dragged it across my skin. Sometimes, it was dipped with poison which burned me that bad that I wanted to scream but my lips were sewn shut.

When one month passed, I got my magic back and was forced by the guards to put up a facade that would hide the scars and all...

So here we are, at the Avengers tower doing the next part of my punishment.

Tony P.O.V

Loki is staying with us for a while and no one here is willing to do it, but I definitely don't want to get smashed into a wall with a hammer that summons thunder and lighting so I'm just going to go with it.

We were all waiting at the top of the tower, where there was space so the rest of the tower doesn't get wrecked, and we were all grumpy -mostly for different reasons: Clint hated Loki for mind-controlling him, Natasha because she had other things to do, Steve because he hoped that Asgard could keep him there and not bring him here, me because I needed to do updates on my suit. Bruce wasn't here because he didn't want to Hulk out all of a sudden; he decided to stay inside.

Soon a bright light appeared but when I closed my eyes it faded. There stood Point Break and Reindeer Games, with a muzzle and cuffs around his wrists.

"Hello, Midgardian friends. As you can see, Loki is here to serve his second part of the punishment." Point Break boomed loudly.

Clint P.O.V

Urgh. Why is Loki here? After all he's done, he deserves a worse punishment, like getting executed, but right now he is looking good as ever and walking around with only a pair of cuffs.

I rolled my eyes at Thor's comment on this arrival and butted in, "Can I go now?" I was getting annoyed with his presence around me. Nat, who was standing next to me nodded, "Yeah, it's time we should get going." At least she understands how I feel.

She turns around on her heels and walked into the tower. I followed her after glaring at Loki, one he was sure not to miss.

Part 2

Comment and have fun reading!😊

Loki P.O.V

Tony led us into the tower and gave me a tour about where I could go. This was only: the rooms I will be in, that also included a bathroom, kitchen/dining room, living room (basically a room with a TV and a bunch of couches) and then Tony showed me his lab that is out of bounds under every circumstance.

The chains, which were around my wrists, tightly, got taken off but the muzzle was still on. It had pins that dug into your skin and were held there until you took it off properly.

I walked to my room, as Stark put it, and left the door open a crack for I wasn't allowed to shut it fully, for 'safety reasons'. Safety for everyone else and not me. I sat on the bed, that had a green blanket neatly folded on the end, and tried taking the muzzle off.

I tried calmly but it didn't work so I started to forcefully pull at it. I heard a female (let's pretend that FRIDAY is alive) voice from the walls, "Mr Loki. I advise you not to do that."
That did not stop me. I did it again and again, but I still haven't fulfilled what I want.

It stung and blood started to drip from the muzzle, that stained the sheets but my mind wasn't focused on it, all my attention was drawn to this question:
Why didn't it work?

It normally peeled off after I pull at it the first few times but this one wasn't going to get off. Then I felt a liquid filling in the holes, the ones that were made by the gag. My mouth started burning with excruciating pain. This simply caused me to pull more, but the only effect was getting more liquid in my mouth. It hurt my mouth as if it was acid so I decided to swallow it, bad idea.

The next second, I was on the floor, clutching my chest and stomach in distress. I only then realised the liquid was none other than the serpent's venom- the same one they dipped the knives in. My breathing quickened and the suffering, that was caused didn't cease, in fact, it got worse.

Clint P.O.V

"...do you know what I mean," Nat said, reassuring me that if I ignored Loki, it would be fine. "Yeah. Thanks, Nat. I appreciate it." She looked at me and nodded, "anything ya want, just tell me. Except for my weapons, that's a straight no."

I laughed, " Ok. I'll remember not to ask."

Then Fury walked in, "Miss Romanov, we need you. It's urgent." he says with his strict voice, the one he normally uses. Nat nodded and left with a goodbye and a wave.

Just as she left, FRIDAY's voice came in, "Agent Barton. Mr Loki is in distress and would appreciate it if you helped." I scoffed and replied, " Why don't you ask someone else?" I waited for a response. It came soon, "Boss has told me not to bother him and Bruce when they are in the lab. Steve is training and he requested not to be disturbed. That leaves you." I huffed and walked to the elevator.

Seconds later, I arrived in a hallway. All of our rooms where here, so Loki's must be here too. I stomped down the corridor and then reached a door with 'Loki' printed on it. I opened the door, since it wasn't locked as part of the penalty, and found Loki on the floor. I walked towards him and kicked him in the ribs, he deserves it, "Shut the fuck up or else, " I warned him and he did it.

There, the job is done.

Kitten P.O.V

My sleep was disturbed, annoyingly, by heavy stomps on the ground. Tiredly, I lifted my head and saw Clint stomping like an elephant through the hallway. Weird.

My sleep drifted away from me, as I leapt from the warm sofa I was

napping on and onto the cold floor, soundlessly. Curiosity filled me when I reached a door, that Clint entered. After a shout and a kick was heard, he left the room with a smirk forming on his lips.

I slowly shuffled into the room and saw a man on the floor. He had raven hair and he was wearing green and black clothes with the edges of the collar tipped in shining gold. He had an odd thing over his mouth and it looked like he was bleeding. His hands were clenching his chest and stomach- he looked as to be in misery. His eyes were shut, tears streaming down his pale face, which looked as tired as Tony after 2 weeks without sleep.

I have never met him before. Who is he? Will he care for me like an actual owner?

Like the story? I am also writing another book too. Check it out if ya love PJO.

Part 3

Thx for reading
Enjoy!

Kitten P.O.V

What should I do?

I decided to go there and help him. I approached him and dabbed my paws on the tears, then he slowly opened his eyes.

But as soon as he did that, he sat up and backed away from me. Huh. Never seen that reaction before but I guess there's a first time for everything. I walked closer to him; all that did was make him back up more.

Loki P.O.V

I felt something soft on my face, drying my tears. Carefully, I opened my eyes and saw something black and white. I backed up and sat away from it to see clearly. That action only caused more pain and all I saw was an animal that had ears and whiskers.

It had black fur with some white near the nose, paws and the end of its tail. What kind of animal is this? Did the so-called Avengers get this so it would harm me? It walked closer and I pressed my back against the wall. Then the female voice came in again, "This is a kitten, Mr Loki. It is the younger version of a cat. Kittens don't harm unless it senses danger or you are harmful to the cat. The kitten's name is Mia."

It started to walk to me. Scared, I hugged my knees but the pain just rose above agony. I screamed but it could only be heard as a whimper. Tears pricked my eyes and my senses increased. The blood and venom were not helping and I heard a soft meow. I thought this was the end, I could die at the hands of a Midgardian animal.

My eyes filled with tears and I couldn't hold it any more. It flowed down my face, my shoulders shook. I placed my head on my knees and let all my pain out. I thought that if this was the end, then why not finish it by drowning in my worries and troubles.

Then I felt something near my feet. Looking down, I saw the Midgardian animal snuggling next to me but when I lifted my head, it pounced onto my knee. I paled.

Instead of an attack or an act that could slay me, it just rested its head on my shoulder and closed its bright green eyes (**don't ask why that colour, it was the only one I could think of after reading Miraculous**).
I still stayed frozen in spot, in case it changed its mind and decided to kill me.

After a few minutes, I grabbed the 'cat' from its waist and held it away from me, in the air. But at that moment, Thor walked into the room, "Loki! Don't harm the Midgardians' animal."

Mia P.O.V

Loki- what FRIDAY said- grabbed me and kept me in the air, away from him. He looked at me but then my ears jerked upwards by the sound of heavy footsteps, Thor.

Thor rarely visited and the times he did he was freaking loud! Like, when he walks around the tower or talking to/greeting someone. I hate those times since that's the time when I get the least of sleep. I can't sleep during the day because of his booming voice and when it's night time, he snores loudly. Seriously, a cat needs its beauty sleep!

"Loki! Don't harm the Midgardians' animal."
Then I felt ruff hands snatch me of the warmth of Loki and dropped me on the ground.
Puh-lease, Thor's the one hurting me.

Hope ya like! Plz, don gets angry at me, Ik it is short but bare wi' me! 😊

Footnote: drinking snake's venom isn't harmful bc it needs to go into ur veins to harm u but if u swallow it, it goes straight to ur stomach acid. 😋

Part 4

This is for @gamingdevil101 (hope ze spelling is correct) and yeah,
Enjoy 😊

Loki P.O.V

Thor dropped the animal 'Mia' on the ground and pulled me up, roughly. Without saying anything else he put on the tight cuffs back on.

Then he led me through *the maze* as I put it and then finally found a door. He shoved me in and there was a table with two chairs, the room was empty white with a mirror, which was obviously a one-way through window. Lady Natasha sat one of the chairs and the other was empty.

It didn't take a brain to realise that I had to sit on the chair. So, I took my time and strolled gracefully- trying to ignore all the pain- to the seat. I pulled it out, trying not to make it squeak but my shaking hands wasn't helping. Then, sitting down, I grabbed my hands and placed them on my knees; it basically looked as if I was getting an interview about how it felt to destroy the world.

It kinda was happening after all but with hero's, who defeated me instead of loving 'fans', the thing mortals say.

"Why did you invade?" Natasha asked, a bit straight forward really but, oh well. I simply shrugged and said nothing. I mean, you can't talk if you've got your mouth shut.

Instead of getting the muzzle taken of me, Natasha smirked and nodded to the table. Then I saw something I didn't notice before: a pencil and paper. What? She wants me to write. *Just go with it,* a voice in my head said. That was the obedience part of my mind; it grew ever so big when I've been around the Mad Titan. The name seemed as if it could kill me here and then.

I shook my thoughts and decided that *that* was a good idea- at least enough. I grabbed the pencil and started writing in the language Midgardians call, English.

I learnt it when I was small. A few travellers got it on a trip to Midgard and they brought it with them to Asgard. When the books were able to be sold, I begged Mothe- Frigga to by it and she did. Whilst Thor and his friends went out to play in the woods, I taught myself it. I had a lot of time on my hands and I also taught myself magic, Frigga did help when she could.

I hope I could still remember how to write. The pencil was dragged across the paper with compassion but a flashback- with a completely different meaning- got triggered.

I was back at the cell on Asgard. The sound was a bitter taste to my mouth. The knives, that were venom covered, were dugged into my skin and ripped my skin open. I couldn't put pressure on the blood that I was losing; my other hand was chained to the wall. My chest started going up and down in uneven patterns and my breathing hitched. It didn't help that I had a muzzle over half of the part that I use to breathe out of.

The world stopped and the only thing I could see was the pencil in my hand. A million words went into my head that I wrote down. It started with a:

C almness filled the air. The darkness that was lightened with a million stars, that shone beautifully. The cold breeze was surrounding the helpless figure in the place where endless time existed. If this was it, it would be fine. The planet faded above; all the pain from the past, gone. The feeling of being free started to form in a cold-hearted monster. A being that should have died and would've deserved it, too.

But then it carried on to:

It stopped. The endlessness time went to a stop. A pair of hands and a bunch of nightmares around in sight. Then name...

Blackness surrounded my hand and I couldn't write anymore. It felt cold- a different one- a type I remembered. A hand touched the side

of my face and I flinched.

Oh no. He's still got me.

Luckily, no one noticed.

Natasha P.O.V

Loki carefully stroked the pencil across the page and then stopped.

Why? I didn't know, which was a rare thing to say.

Then, he looked straight down and a green flicker of light glowed on his face. He looked as if something hit him; his chest went up and down unevenly. It went back to normal after a few seconds but normality wasn't sticking around for long. The pencil hastily got carried on the poor piece of paper but Loki's mind was somewhere else.

The room got cold and a black aurora covered Loki's hand, which stopped. I looked around confused by this and then it stopped. I looked back at Loki, who looked fine as if nothing happened.

Weird.

"What was that?" I demanded an answer, this wasn't natural and he never did that when he invaded. Loki just shrugged and then I realised what he meant. He filled the page. He got up and walked out of the door, which Thor opened for him. He probably was walking back to the room we gave him.

I need to discuss this to the Avengers. They might have got something during this.

Did ya like ze part? Hope ya did and read my other buk if ya like Nico Di Angelo and of us don't...then ignore me. I'm not sure that my writing is good but I hope ya sweets enjoy tis,

See ya later
-Storytime

Part 5

Heyo~ my sweets
Plz, tell me if ya like it and enjoy😊
Letz read:

Nat P.O.V

After Loki left and possibly went to his room, I grabbed the piece of paper and walked out of the plain white room.

The rest of the team gathered around me, to see what I found. We seated ourselves on the sofas that surrounded a table. As I looked around, I noticed only Steve, Clint, Bruce, Thor and myself here but no Tony.

"Where's Tony? He should be here, " I averted my eyes towards Bruce, after all, he was the last one to see him. However, he looked as confused as the rest, " He should have been here he sai-" Bruce was interrupted with Tony slamming the door open, holding an empty cup which would have been used to drink coffee.

Steve -being himself- started talking about being responsible and how he should be on time, " Why were you late, Tony? You should have been here when Nat was interrogating Loki." Tony then replied with the usual, "Oh, I thought it wa-"

"No more of your excuses, Tony. We have had enough of them. Now let's get back to talking about the interrogating. Luckily, it got recorded on camera so you can see what happened, " Steve butted in.

It was the typical fight with Tony and Steve and I'm pretty sure the rest of us know what to do if the argument got out of hand. "Wait, before you see the clip I would like to say what happened so you can focus on the details," I concluded that if I tell Tony what happened before he would only think about the small things.

Then I told him the story. I told him about how he wrote at the beginning and then stopped all of a sudden. Then how he had a puff of green smoke in front of his face and his breathing changed. I started to bring up the part of the room turning cold and the pitch-black air that surrounded his hand.

He took this quietly, which was the exact opposite of his personality, but I let that slide. I mean it was also weird for me, which I can say was a first.

Then I put the clip on and watched all of the team's reaction.

Clint was watching with hatred and nothing else. Bruce looked worried at the part when his breathing went uneven. Steve watched with concern and confusion- the same for Tony. Well except for the concern.
Thor watched with a straight face and then at the part when the black fog appeared, his eyes widened. He must know something about it.

When the clip finished, the room fell silent, which was not normal as well.

Then Tony spoke up, " Well I kinda expected more, " he shrugged. I turned my attention to Thor, "What do you think the black smoke was? You should know." He looked troubled but soon let it out, "Loki might be working with someone or he might have got them under control."

Wait. I thought we took the tesseract from him.
Did we not?

Clint came back from being quiet and ignoring everything and started talking, " So you're saying that, that creep is still messing with people's minds. How?!" Thor would've smashed him into the wall for calling his so-called 'brother' a creep, but he was already preoccupied- probably about how this all happened.

Maybe we should interrogate Loki again and find out the truth...but I guess Thor had different ideas, " We shouldn't talk to him again. He won't accept us walking in and asking again. Also, he can't tell

us because of the magic blocking him from doing so."

Who knew Thor had that knowledge in him?

Clint- still annoyed- started to get angry, "Why do you care if he wants to talk? He's our prisoner so we can do what we want with him. We can ask him if we want to and he will answer! Don't give that '*monster*' a chance to say his opinion! He doesn't deserve it! In fact, he doesn't even deserve life!"

Now that, is how you press the wrong buttons with Thor.

And I had no idea, Clint thought that way with Loki.

Thor stomped towards Clint, who didn't even cower before him. Thankfully, Steve stood in front of Clint before things got ugly- inside and outside-, "Woah, Thor calm down. I'm pretty sure Clint meant none of that, right?" He turned his head over his shoulder and looked at Clint, possibly hoping for him to say '*yeah, I meant none of that at all. It was all a harmless joke'*.

But he did not say that.

"No! I meant every single word that I said and I do not regret any of it! To show you, I'm going to talk to him myself!" He stormed off and Thor went after him, "Don't you dare lay a finger on him! Do you unde-" Steve stopped him- again- and solved the problem by saying:

"Thor, hold up. If Clint talks to Loki and Loki hurts him, we know that Loki needs a different punishment. If he talks to Loki and he doesn't harm him then we leave Loki as he is- until he goes to Asgard." Thor nodded after thinking it was fair enough.

Mia P.O.V (kitten)

The man, Loki soon appeared in the room again and sat in the corner of the room. I bounced towards him but he looked away. What's up with him, I thought. It wasn't normal for someone to look away from a kitten- they would probably be running towards me hugging and petting me, but the Avengers didn't do that.

They simply ignored me.

My ears picked up on shouting and then heavy footsteps- the same ones I heard earlier- Clint's. Then the door flew open, and he was standing there, looking angrier than ever. He stomped to Loki and clenched his fists, "FRIDAY lock the door and don't let the walls vibrate noise." **(a/n Clint basically just made the room soundness or something so the others can't hear anything)** He started to walk towards Loki.

He pulled his fist backwards, ready to launch it at full speed at the new person, Loki. *Oh no you don't- at least not on my watch*, I thought.

I jumped in front of Loki and growled. Sadly, that did nothing. Clint kicked me at the other side of the room, "Stop mind-controlling everyone! You seriously think that doing it to a kitten is going to save you! Pfft, you really have gone weak haven't you." Clint reached Loki and crouched, "The Avengers can beat you again you know."

Loki, even though the situation he is in now was the worst time, shook his head. A slap was heard and I turned my head so I didn't have to look. I mean, what would you do? If you had to watch someone, that could be your future owner (who would care truly), get hurt by someone who never cared for you, what would have you done?

I turned back round to see and only saw blood dripping down Loki's face. His eyes were wide open with fear.

Clint grabbed Loki's face and turned it harshly so he was looking at him, "Listen here. Stop messing with people's minds! And be out of my way and stay in this room you here me!" Loki nodded, shaking. He earned a slap on the other cheek and then Clint left- turning off all the settings he placed at the beginning.

I was curled up against the wall, trembling as I tried to stop my heart from aching. I'm pretty sure Clint kicked my chest, which might have been the reason it was hurting.

Heyo~ I hope ya like! Thx for commenting @gamingdevil101 and I'll carry on writing.
Have a happy holiday
Words: 1325
Bye bye my sweets

Part 6

Ao~
Thx for reading! I appreciate it- like a lot.
Enjoy,

Loki P.O.V

Clint left. I turned my attention to the 'kitten' as the voice from the walls put it. It was curled up and obviously hurt. Then it slowly got up and limped towards me but at halfway- to reach me- it dropped on the floor.

Is it okay?

I pulled myself up using the wall for support and walked to her. My body trembled but I soon got there. Sitting down, I grabbed the small figure and placed it gently on my lap. She had a minor gash over her chest. Her body lay still and a quiet heartbeat can be heard.

Hmm, I still have my magic.

Making my mind up, I gathered all my strength and started to chant. It only uses a small amount, which gives a great outcome on little bruises, gashes, cuts and those sort of things. On bigger problems mo- Frigga taught me a different spell, which stops time inside the person and mends the troubles before they die.

The green-coloured magic surrounded the cut in a ring shape. It circled her and the kitten went of my lap. She began to float in the air and the magic started to fix the slash. The room brightened and was filled with a magical green. Soon she landed back into my grasp, safe.

Pain shot up my hands and went up to my arm. My breathing stopped and my head throbbed with trauma. It was as if my head was a drum and it was getting banged by the green monster or you

might know it as the Hulk. My feet suddenly felt like I was walking on needles and my chest somehow felt like I was getting squished.

The room started to look small and my vision blurred. I couldn't move my hands nor my feet or legs.

Mia P.O.V

My eyes fluttered open. I was held by warm, soft hands and I felt safe. My paw ran over the place Clint kicked me and it was healed. Looking over at Loki, he was stiff and then suddenly the warmth from his hands slowly faded.

His face was pale and his eyes were wide. He looked almost...sick? He fell backwards and laid still. Is this normal for him? I looked around hastily the room to find something to help him and my eyes were drawn towards the blanket. Hmm, maybe he's cold.

Running to the green blanket, I bounced on the bed, bit into the sheet and dragged it to the unconscious Loki. By the time I got there, he was sleeping. I carried on to drag it all the way to his boots and I spread it over his legs. Then I stretched it so it could reach his neck. Loki moved into a more satisfied position in his sleep.

I jumped on top of him then decided that it would be better to sleep on the floor- next to Loki. I curled into a ball and nestled my head on the side of Loki. Then the unexpected happened, Loki wrapped his hands around me and pulled me closer to him. My nose was not used to this kind of smell yet it was still wonderful. That's when I realised how tired I was. Soon, I dozed of- knowing that I was in a warm, safe and comfortable shawl.

Clint P.O.V

Smirking as I walked into the lift, my mind went back to what happened. Wait. Did I kick Mia? Ha, she deserves it for defending that monster. Urgh, I still can't believe Tony lets him here after all he did?

Ding! The elevator doors slid open and all the rest were sitting,

watching a movie. They paused it at the sound of me entering, "How'd it go? Did he listen?" Steve turned round and poked his head above the sofa back. I said nothing and sat next to Nat, as Tony re-paused the movie- it was Lord of the Rings- Tony obviously chose this. "Who knew it would work? Oh wait, I knew?" I snickered quietly and the Nat turned to look at me with a *really* look, "Did it actually work?" I just looked at her with the proud smile I had. She luckily took it and nodded back to the movie, "I like this scene," and I turned to face the colourfull pictures of the movie.

I'm sowwy for making short parts but wi' me plz.👍
Words: 756
Bye-bye☺

-Storytime

Merry Christmas!

Feliz Navidad!
Καλά Χριστούγεννα!🎁
A few other ways to say
Merry Christmas!🎅

Have a wonderful Christmas my friends and hope you enjoy family time. In this Chapter/part, you will find a small story so read on... But before we do that, let me tell you that

-I can't reply to ur comment but plz carry on writing them, so I know what you think about ze buk
-I can't follow u
And all this is happening bc I need to change my email or something like zat
So forgive me for not replying😶

Storytime P.O.V (aka author me 😏) its Christmas morning!

The sun's rays beamed through the window.

I rolled of the bed and landed with a *thud*. Getting up, I walked or maybe half-dragged myself to the kitchen and made me some coffee. Whilst that was cooling down a little, I hauled me into the bathroom and turned the cold tap on. After splashing handfuls of water, I felt refreshed but grabbed my coffee and went to the living room.

I snatched the remote of the sofa and walked to my corner. My corner was special because it had everything I needed:

-A charger for my iPhone
-A folded blanket
-The sofa retracts into a bed
-A lamp in case I want to write (on the shelf)
-A few books (on the shelf)

Yeah, as you can see, I have the coolest spot in the house. Then, I noticed something out the corner of my eye, a box wrapped up and a sticky note on it.

What is that?

Suddenly refreshed, I walked curiously towards it- keeping my distance in case it was one of my brother's famous, old pranks. When I got there, it looked the size of my iPhone. I read the note:

Remember the Christmas spirit...

A few sprinkles were around the words.

Wait!

The Christmas spirit, that means that today's Christmas. Oh, how did I not know- I don't know? But the Christmas spirit, isn't that something along the lines of:

Friends and family together.

Or

Giving not getting.

I didn't know but what I did know was that there was something in the box, waiting for me to unwrap it. I lifted the lid and there it was, my- two days- missing iPhone. Turning it on, the background was Wattpad. I went into the app and the note's words went into my head...

Remember the Christmas spirit...

Ding! A light bulb lit up my dull brain. Ushering all the paper of my seat on the sofa, I sat down and wrote away...

Third P.O.V

And so...for the rest of the day -well most of it- Storytime wrote a Chapter for her book as a gift to all her special readers.

The other half? Well, she spent that part drawing and watching a Christmas movie with her family.

As they watched the movie, happy laughs filled the house. And if you ever walked into the room, you'd found yourself sitting next to the fire, hot chocolate in hand, blanket wrapped around you and a huge smile on your face!

Cause that was what Storytime and her family did!

The end!

Merry Christmas u girls/guys and always remember the true meaning of Christmas

Watching movies!

What no! Pfft...Christmas is about family and friends time and giving! Not movies. Sometimes, Storytime you can be so blind.

Anyways, Merry Christmas!
Ps: try drawing and calming down this Christmas!

Part 8

[image]

I have no idea what za hec ta write ssooo
Plz tell me ideas and I may turn them into za wonderful chapter!

Oh yeah btw art no mine

Thank u fo listening and plz give me a few ideas

Bye bye! Sweets

-Storytime

Part 9

Heyo~ Happy New Year!
Plz enjoy and stay wi' me I know I haven't been writing and it's bc I drowned in the endless ocean of Anime! It basically stopped me from doing anything else but as a new year resolution, I decided that everything has its own time. So every week I'll try to update!😊

Loki P.O.V

I felt something warm in my grasp and a light fabric covering me. I opened my eyes and found myself on the cold, hard floor- they really need to put a carpet on the floor instead of wood. **(a/n the floor isn't plain wood. It's like a plastic wood covering, hope that makes sense😊👌)**

I looked at the soft purring noise that was coming from a small creature: Mia. It was nice to have some company at this time. Those Avengers don't know what big threat is coming to the world, that Thor 'protects'. If I try talking, Thor would probably shut me up saying: *Oh no, you can't talk or you might use your magic and lies to us!*

Typical.

My thoughts came back to the annoying thing on my mouth. I really need to get the muzzle of but how?

I tried ripping it off, that didn't work. I can't use magic it is put on too tight. I also can't take it off naturally because of the fingerprint spell.

(in mind) I pondered in the deep forest of thoughts but I was surrounded by deep ditches full of failed ideas. I decided that maybe trying to find an idea was a terrible thought. I ignored all the plans floating around and put a sullen expression. Turning around, I saw a thin pathway that passed a huge tree. It was small

and thin but it glowed like a dream in heaven. All the rest were dull and broken- cracked beyond repair. I followed it since every other path was also blocked and my mind stopped.

Why didn't I think of this earlier!

(real life) All the magic stored in me surrounded my hands then my face. It reached down to my shoes and I closed my eyes. The old feeling came back to me. The laughter of mother was ringing in my ears. I found myself soon wearing a small smile on my face. It felt as if all my pain was tended to, I felt nothing except warmth. It was like mother's robe wrapped around me, her aroma could be identified. It was like she was really here, but... she wasn't.

The feeling went away, quicker than I wished, and I was smaller than before. I slid back and realised it worked: I turned into a snake. I guess I still got it. I slithered back and the muzzle was on the floor. It didn't fit me so it fell off. But before I could rejoice, a hiss was heard.

It wasn't me.

I looked to the side and found an angry-looking cat or more precisely, Mia.

It pounced on me and scratched my eye. Turning myself back to normal, I held my bleeding eye. Did it really have to do that? I ignored the eye: it was okay and I could see, luckily I closed my eyes when it attacked.

It also answered another of my questions: it can harm. I mean, maybe the talking walls answered the question but I wasn't listening then.

I glanced to Mia, who looked down in guilt. If I just met this kitten I would have probably turn it into a toad or kick it across the room, but I didn't. I had no idea why I didn't, it was just that I didn't feel like it. I patted her at ran my hand on its fluffy back, it has had enough pain.

Mia P.O.V

A puff of green appeared and then a green snake was in front of me. Where did Loki go? A thing came of the snake and dropped on the floor. The thing was grey and it was weird. The snake slithered towards me but- thank my lucky stars- I have sharp claws.

I hissed and scratched its eye, hoping it would go away so I can go back to my dear friend sleep. The unfamiliar fog came again but this time Loki was back! But his eye was bleeding, I did that. I lowered my head and meowed an apology- he totally hates me now. I embraced myself, probably waiting for a shove, punch or me being left alone again.

Then the unexpected happened -again- he patted me. Like literally, he *patted* me! I did not expect that! Well, I kinda did expect the unexpected so that means I did expect it.

Oh who cares, Loki is still here ya know, a part of my brain screamed at me.

I meowed again and he laughed gently, "I fixed it. I'm fine." I glanced to his eye and the scratch wasn't there. He healed it, like mine. He changed his crouch position into a cross legged one. I took the advantage and pounced onto his lap. I rubbed the back of my ear, whilst Loki recovered from the shock of me jumping onto him. He stroked my back and smiled softly- something I would treasure forever...

So! How's za buk. What a remarkable ending, don't ya think? Hope u like it and comment. I'm not sure if zis is wat u want? If it is, then ya welcome *tips top hat* Bye bye ma sweets!

-Storytime

Part 10

Heyo~ Ma readers!
I don't know what to write here so imma write random things: A relationship without trust is like an i Phone without service, and what do you do on an i Phone without service? You play games- Zendaya

Hope ya doing great and enjoy this book. :)

Loki P.O.V

I stroked Mia's back and it felt so soft. It remained me of a time...no. Not the right time to be sentimental. Something bad is coming and if I don't get out then, well, the world might end. It's not that I care about anyone that lives in it, it just seems like the right thing to do. And, all that pain I went through would've gone to waste - I thought trying to ignore the fact that I nearly lost my way of living life. **(A/N That basically means that he nearly turned soft by the way he thinks and not as mean, I guess.)**

Whilst I was in the middle of thinking about an escape, Stark barged into the room- quite rudely might I add-, "Dinner's ready! Oh, and by the way, you don't have to sit with us if you don't want to. That's was an order by Clint. Well, he said that you didn't deserve to come, but then Thor threatened him yada yada... so if you sit with us I'm fine with it." he shrugged but there was no way I was going to sit in the same room as '*Clint*'.

Then Stark gave a quick nod and slammed the door shut- not noticing the small kitten in my lap. Guess no one around recalls her.

I didn't want to go but at the same time, I didn't like the idea of Thor forcing me to eat so I wouldn't starve to death. So, after a lot of debating, I sucked in all my pain and got up. Everything ached. I nearly doubled over from the pain but, I pressed my palm against the wall and held my balance. I ignored the screams of agony that tried to get recognition in me and focused on getting there and back

here- without showing any signs of weaknesses and pain of course.

I walked towards the door and mustered up all my strength. I pulled the door open but when I tapped it, it opened automatically. I stared at it in confusion, and then looked behind me- for some reason I ceased to know. A familiar voice was, once again, heard, "Your welcome, Mr Loki."

Ah, so it was the work of the walls. I guess the walls could see my confusion so it replied, "My name is FRIDAY, sir. It stands for Female Replacement Intelligent Digital Assistant Youth. I'm an AI so I'm not a human being. Hope that helps." The wa- FRIDAY said, with a hint of humour. I nodded and thanked her- is it her or him...or does it prefer it. Well, I was getting carried away with the thoughts and poked my head into the hallway, acknowledging any signs of danger. Luckily, everyone was in the lounge, as Stark put it, well...I hoped they were there.

I strolled down the corridor, trying to ignore the aching feeling that was creeping up my back. I heard a meow and I froze. A small black splodge appeared in the corner of my eye, later known as Mia. I sighed, put it together Loki! What happened to the other one, the powerful one, the one that leads an army of Chitaru to war against these foolish mortals. One part of my mind internally shouted at me.

I shook my head and realised that I was quite lost. *Pathetic*. Looking left and then right, when I arrived at a T junction- don't ask me how I know this sort of stuff-, I stepped forward and lifted my head to look at the ceiling, hoping for an answer.

"Make a left, sir. That way you should reach the lounge," there was the voice again. FRIDAY, I think.

Noting the answer to my confusion, I turned left and walked down this corridor. Soon, I reached the *'lounge'* and all the lights in the room were turned off. The *TV* that Stark made was glowing with random monsters screaming in rage whilst the Avengers were sitting there watching in interest.

How on Earth are these heroes gonna defeat him?

I shook my head, knowing that it depends on me to distract him with all the rest of...me. I decided to ignore the fact that a war is coming up soon and try getting back to my chamber, in one piece.

There was a table at the corner of the room with a bag and a drink, weird Midgardian food. I silently crept towards the table, picked up the food and left the lounge with people that could kill me in one move.

You need to fix yourself, runt. Your pathetic, there's no reason for you to live. A cold voice echoed in my head- making me drop the food and running out- trying to get the voice out of my head. It repeated it again and again. I took turns in different ways aiming to get to my chamber.

Mia P.O.V **(A/N I know I haven't done a lot of different P.O.Vs so I'm sorry but other ones are hopefully gonna arrive.)**

I strolled around the tower with Loki, when we got to the lounge. This was the place where Tony is seen when he isn't in the lab. He mostly only comes to get some coffee or watch a movie with the others.

Loki walked to the table at the end of the room and grabbed a bag. Hmmm, they must have ordered today, guess they had enough of Tony's cooking. Don't get me it's not that he's bad at it, he just is. And that's coming from an experienced cat here- yeah, it was the worst experience.

Loki came back but then stopped and dropped the food. I grabbed them both before it hit the ground then placed them gently on the ground.

After that unexpected scene, I looked around for Loki but couldn't find him anywhere. Oh well. I walked up to the sofas and leapt onto the armrest. Then from there, I tried to find Tasha.

There!

I jumped onto her lap and curled up into a ball.

Natasha P.O.V

Something pounced on me. Looking down, I saw a small kitten sleeping on my lap. I stroked its back and then Clint looked at me from the side, "Is that Mia?" He asked. It was as if he didn't want to believe it, "Yeah, it is." I nodded and whispered- trying not to get any attention from the rest. Clint turned his gaze towards the corridor and then back to the screen.

Something is bothering him and I'm going to find out what it is.

Sorry for taking so long but it's bc of home learning and covid. I also don't get a lot of spare time.

I'm so sorry 😔
Forgive me plz!🥺
Bye-bye☺

-Storytime

Part 11

[image]

Who agrees☝
Ha well, I do and...yeah I may need help, heh. 😂
BEFORE READING THIS I NEED TO REMIND YOU THERE IS NO AND I MEAN NO LOKI X NATASHA Friendly reminder 😂
Triggers may be triggered
Anyways... Read on :)

Natasha P.O.V

I got up and picked Mia as I dusted off the fur on my lap, "I need to get something," I said- like it was nothing important. I slipped through the door- the noises of 'yeah' and 'k' from the avengers, melting into the background, as I got further away from the room. I moved swiftly down the hallways- putting Mia on my shoulder so I didn't worry about her falling and anyway, Mia had a surprisingly good grip for a kitten.

I passed my bedroom door and turned the corner and walked by a few more doors. Then I got to the guest's bedroom, well, for now, it was the 'prisoners' room as Tony and Clint put it. It opened with no noise and I stepped in making sure the door closed behind me. The room was empty with the quiet rain, that tapped onto the window here and then. The window was on the opposite side of the door- yeah, it was like a full wall window where you could see the New York City lights glowing beautifully. It was dark outside.

I let that thought fade and put Mia gently on the floor and she patted her feet on the ground before walking into the bathroom, huh. I ignored the kitten and a thought crossed my mind: Where's Loki?
Wait, isn't the only place that he's allowed to be, is his bedroom?

I thought that jumping to conclusions was not the best idea so I calmed the fudge down and walked over to the bathroom. I knocked on the door- once and then again- before opening it to see

something I really didn't think I would ever see...

(THERE IS NONE AND I MEAN NONE LOKI X NATASHA) friendly reminder

Loki was huddled in a corner, crying, covered in wounds and open scars. Blood was pooling around him and he was obviously losing too much. My mind raced back and forth, was I supposed to help him or get Bruce, or was it just a facade- an illusion.

Mia patted Loki's foot and meowed quietly, as if she was concerned. So, this isn't one of his illusions or else it would have disappeared or the paw would go through. Before Loki arrived to stay here, Thor told us all about the way he can make all sorts of illusions and wacky things with his magic but, me being me, obviously found out before.

I turned to get Bruce but before I got out of the room, "No, don't...don't go. Do not get *cough* anyone, " Loki managed to say between sobs and coughs. I weighed my options:

If I get Bruce he'd probably be helpful but then at the same time it would cause a fuss and the rest would get curious as to why he was like that- also meaning another interrogation- which wouldn't be much help right now.

On the other hand, if I helped him, I could get answers, there'd be no fussing around and no more interrogations.

There, it's settled: I'm going to help him and he'd better answer all my questions.

I grabbed a few things of a shelf and then crouched next to Loki, also noticing the blood around him. First things first, I had to calm him down so I can ask him questions.

"Hey, Loki. Can you hear me? Breathe, Loki," I said a few things using the calming technique, that I would use while trying to calm Clint the heck down after he got his nightmares. I grabbed his shoulders and then they stopped moving- oh no. He's having a flashback, but what about?

Well, I guess I might find out later.

He looked up with wide eyes and then stopped breathing. Urgh, such a terrible time too. I decided that whining about this was a terrible idea so I did something, "Loki, hey can you hear me?" He nodded but then quickly shook his head, this is bad...

What should I do first? Most of the time, people snap out of it but him...he's trapped. Like literally.

I racked my brain, going back and forth in my brain. I finally remembered Bruce saying something about counting? Ah yes, "Hey Loki, listen here. Help me count to ten, kay?" I started to count after I checked that Loki was listening to me.
1,2,3,4,5,6,7...

He halted abruptly and I stopped. Then he screamed.

Wow, I had no idea he could scream that loud.

sigh This is seriously the most terrible time to be talking about these kinds of stuff to myself. I shook my head. Then I recalled that the Avengers were still watching a movie- whatever movie it was- and they might hear this even though they are legit daft and deaf but one could never be too cautious unless your Steve, of course.

"FRIDAY? You there?" I asked- making sure she was listening, "Yes, Miss Romanoff. Would you like me to soundproof the room?" Well, I have to say, she's way smarter than Tony. I nodded and a click was heard, "Thanks."

Loki suddenly reached for the sides of his head and grasped them- covering his ears too. Why? Out of all the thing he had to cover his ears! Come on, give me a break, now I can't even talk to him. How am I supposed to help now?

The last option was useful but it included hugs and what if Loki was the kind that doesn't appreciate hugs- if he is then that would make the situation more terrible. Another scream pierced my ears and then I realised ...that if I didn't do anything now...he might die from choking and/or not being able to breathe.

Should I do it? Well if I don't Loki probably die or recover but hate me for life, which by the way I'm fine with. If I do, then Loki would get better, give me answers and then I'll leave him alone the way he wants, yeah that sounds like a good idea.

The second one it is then but it's way easier said than done.

I reached out for Loki but he moved back, trying his best to get away from me but I really need to get this over quickly. I grabbed him and held him close but to be honest I thought he would push me away and scramble for the door.

Instead, he clung tightly onto me as if I were his life and it was on the line. My shoulder got wet from all the tears but I let that thought go- there are more important things to think about right now like- Loki's hands are turning blue! His hands started to shake and nearly gave me frostbite- what the hell!

What the fudge is happening here?!

The blue thing spread up his arm and to his face, his eyes turned blood red- like the sclera turned into that colour but the pupil was pure black. **(A/N check it out, it looks that way in the movie)**

Is he ok? Wait when did I get a heart? **(This is not a Loki x Natasha** 👌☺**)**

I let go of him and his breathing came to normal but the colour didn't disappear, it stayed the same.

Loki looked around expecting something but in the end, he just saw me and Mia in the room. He tried to get up but failed miserably and fell back on the ground. I grabbed some stuff next to me and reached for his forehead: it was boiling like literally. Does he have a fever? I shrugged and stood up, turning my back to Loki for a few minutes.

I grabbed a cloth I found laying around and put it under the cold tap. Then I sat beside Loki and held it against his face, "Hold this for me." He nodded hesitantly and did as I said, thankfully he wasn't as stubborn, "Why are you doing this? You can now see me: hurt,

you have you chance- you can threaten me and ask questions. Are you not going tell the others, Barton, Anthony, the oaf? The oaf already knows who I really am, no point in telling him but look at m-"

I interrupted him before he could talk, there is something wrong with Loki, he's acting differently. "Look, I ain't telling anyone anything and you are going to tell me what the hell that, " I pointed at him, "was about, kay." Loki narrowed his eyes and stood up- successfully this time.

"I'm not answering any of your questions mortal, and I am perfectly fine so there is no need for any of your assistance." He walked to the door- dropping the cloth too- as a trail of blood trailed behind him, "FRIDAY, lock the doors." A *click* sound was heard and Loki turned around with a '*really*' look.

I shrugged, "If you're not answering any of my questions then why should I help you, anyway," I gestured towards the floor that was stained with blood, "Tony won't be too pleased with that."

I'm SOOOO sorry for uploading late. It that I had all zees things to do:

-School learning
-Shopping
-Watching
-Reading
-Drawing
-Chores
-And soo on but I don't want to bore u wis anything else... 😊
Plz forgive me for being late😭

Words: 1603
Bye-bye
-Storytime

Part 12

[image]

Heyo~
U know...I am sooo sorry for the last chapter being out late, heh. I decided to finish this one before doing anything else- for u guys/girls👌😊
Hope u enjoy and...have a wonderful morning/evening/night?

Mia P.O.V

What's wrong with Loki?

Loki turned to face Tasha with an annoyed look and Tasha just replied with, "If you're not answering any of my questions then why should I help you, anyway Tony won't be too pleased with that."

I looked down and saw blood all over the floor. She's right, Tony won't be that happy with his floor covered in red. I meowed in agreement, which -annoyingly- brought the attention towards me. Tasha looked at me then Loki, "What kind of relationship do you have with Mia?"

Loki looked down at me then responded with something I didn't want to hear, "I have no clue what this pathetic creature is and why would I know, this varmint is worthless, nonetheless."
I felt so small. Why would he say that? Did he not care?
I meowed in question and looked Loki in the eye- is this true? He looked back with hatred and I patted my way out of the room. I walked into the other room linked with the bathroom before taking a run towards the door that led into the corridor.

I slowed down and walked passed the closed doors, it felt the same as before. Before Loki arrived. Before the Avengers came to collect me. Before I found a family.

But now...everyone is gone- in their ways. They have each other, but me? I only have Tasha and most of the time she's outside, doing

whatever she does. And the times I am with her, Clint glares at me. He never has been a cat person- I mean he is a bird- but still, he doesn't need to glare. Does he?

He does. No one needs you, after all, Loki said you're pathetic and worthless. He said it for a reason, don't you think?

The voice in my head was right, I am useless.

I reached the room where the Avengers were still watching whatever they were. I saw a spot in the corner of the room and went to it. It was dark, warm and no one to bother me. In short, it was a perfect place.

I lay down, enveloping myself with my black tail that looked as if it was dipped in pure white. The black and the white contradicted against each other. I hated that. I looked different towards any other cat.

Flashback:

I sat huddled in the corner, ignoring every human walking around finding a perfect pet for them. All the other cats walked around reaching out for people and acting like delightful kittens but not me.

I couldn't be bothered to be honest. I hated acting like someone I wasn't. A ginger friend of mine patted his way towards me and lowered hi s face, sitting down slowly, looking around and then speaking, "Hey you okay?"
This wasn't like him- Max doesn't normally come and randomly ask out of the blue.

"So, what's wrong Max. Something the matter?" I looked up from my paw, that I was licking and then meowed. Max rubbed his ears then looked around- and...he's nervous.

Yeah, I know my friend very well, maybe because...he is my only friend around here and the only cat I know well, anyways. He and I go very back- I guess you can say we're like siblings.
I was found in the streets- left in the trash, in the dark, in the rain- by an old man. He was a kind old-timer known by the name of Stan Lee.

Everyone around knew him but before long, he died.
Max found me pondering the streets after Stan's funeral on a rainy day and showed me towards the pet shop. I got cleaned, dried and had a great nap. But one thing was wrong: everyone ignored me. The only literal cat or animal that talked to me was Max- and I was grateful don't get me wrong but- it just didn't feel like I belonged there.

Back to where I was, Max sounded off, "Ok, your right. I'm here because I'm going to leave in two days," Wait, what?! He can't leave, Max is the only reason I bother to stay here anyway so why leave now? Max must've seen my reaction even though it would have looked as if I didn't care at all but he knew me too well.
"Hey, it's ok. Maybe my new owner lets me go outside by myself, then I could talk to you and keep you updated, yeah?" I knew he was just trying to keep me happy but I didn't want to be such a pain towards Max so I faked smiled- doing the most promising one I could muster- and nodded, "Yeah, you go ahead, during the days we have together we'll have as much fun as you want, sounds good?"
Max nodded and smiled- the last one I ever saw from him ever again.

Tony P.O.V

I got up from the couch, after realising that I had a few touch-ups to a project that I was working on with Brucie. I stretched and scratched the back of my neck, walking to the island table that was surrounded with tables.

I grabbed a cup and made a cup of coffee half-awake, I was used to it. I noticed a small ball of fur in the corner of the room. I looked to my coffee then Mia and then my coffee then Mia and then put my coffee down and put one step forwards. I shook my head, I grabbed my coffee and chugged it all down my throat before putting the empty cup down and walked to Mia and when I reached her I held my hands out and bent down to grab her. I stood up and turned on my heels- holding warm Mia close to my face- and walked to my lab.

Hope u enjoyed and plz forgive me?😭
I am sooo sorry and I hope this chapter made it up for u guys/ girls
Happy morning/evening/night?

Words: 1049

Bye-bye
-Storytime

Part 13

Heyo~☺
Thx for reading and Comment ^-^ hehe
Enjoy:

Mia P.O.V

Tony picked me up and hugged me- tightly, may I add. I meowed, trying to make him loosen his hold...but I failed, to my annoyance. I tried to scratch Tony's head off but he held me even closer to his face- was he CRAZY!

His face was warm and I melted, *'I guess I can stay here for a little while,'* my mind suggested and I happily agreed with it. I closed my eyes and all my troubles demolished and I was left with an empty mind space. *Sigh*, guess there's nothing to do. I wanted to have a peaceful nap before Tones-here- drops me and forgets about my existence, but before I fully dozed off and caught at least a few Zs-

Anthony woke me up by doing a *jump* from the 7th step on the stairs to the bottom of the flight of stairs. In front of us was the lift- quietest place in the whole tower.

Trust me, anywhere else is filled with:

-Noises of a human weirdo acting like a birdie
-An angry and dangerous lady getting the weirdo to shut up
-Loud talking of a God trying to toast pop tarts but failing
-A drunk man laughing and messing around
-The CEO of the whole tower yelling to Tony to stop drinking.

And now, my bedroom isn't even peaceful because of a bleeding dude that doesn't give a shit about me even though I cared about him and was that careful to not scratch the hell out of him: I only gave him a little scar that healed in the end- it also didn't stay there like how the brown-haired dude with a stick and scar has in the book.

So back to the story, everywhere else is as loud as hell.

"FRIDAY could you take us to my lab." Tony only orders FRIDAY to do things and never asks, which I think is pretty *RUDE* but Anthony always says towards the team that she's an AI, which Tasha replies with, *that's bullshit.* But I know that Tony actually cares, heh. Yeah, I'm getting side-tracked but, oh well, it was worth mentioning either way.

We entered the lift and the door closed behind us. Tony hummed as we waited patiently- well I did but Tones kept on tapping his foot every second. That didn't help me get rest so I gave up on the wonderful dream, that seemed so far away, of sleep.

The lift door *binged* open and Tony jumped out, excited to achieve what he and Bruce were working on. I rolled my eyes at his enthusiasm and carried on trying to accomplish the goal of mine - getting out of Tones arms and taking a long slumber.

While I was figuring out how to get out of this cell, Anthony **(A/N sorry for making Mia have sooo many different names for Tony but it's so I don't use repetition and that's like Mia's personality sooo yeah, heh)** walked towards the spinny chair, that was surrounded by desks in one corner.

He sat down, spun once and then plopped me down on the desk- the only empty one. I walked away to go and find a quiet corner. I heard a *clink* like it was glass and turned my head back to Tones. He was grabbing an alcohol bottle but there was *NO* way I was going to let him have that.

Nuh-uh.

If he had had it then that means my dreams and naps are gonna fade away- but I'm not giving up that quickly. We all know how loud and crazy he can get if he has that.

I pounced onto Stark's lap and then scratched the bottle, which fell on the floor and broke.

Seriously, they're so weak. If I made a bottle, I would've made it double-

I mean, when you give a drunk man/woman a bottle they'd probably smash it straight away. I thought.

I was about to leave but realised, I was dealing with Tones. There's obviously more. I looked around for more and found a bunch of additional bottles. Urgh, Anthony is such a pain. I jumped to the other ones and pushed them all of the desk.

Proud of what I have done I smirked to myself and then gave Tones a warning *hiss,* with my sharp claws on show, then happily, and maybe tiredly, skipped to the dark corner of the room. Nestling my head on my tail I closed my eyes, hoping the shadows will eat me whole and take me away from all my worries...

BUT IT DIDN'T!
All I wanted was to sleep
But the world won't give it to me.

I wanted to cry but I can't. I wanted to scream for love, help but how would I? I wanted someone to actually care and pet me, but no one would. I wanted to be seen, to be realised, to be...noticed.

I couldn't sleep even though that was what I craved for. My mind was too full of troubles and sadness. Full of lost hope and foolish dreams.

Although that was what I reckoned, somewhere else in my mind I thought about those dreams becoming true. How someday, I will be loved and acknowledged.

My stupid thoughts were interrupted by an annoying, whining idiot, "Why~ I just wanted to drink some~ just *some*!" Tones carried on crying about having his second-to-most favourite drink wrecked by Mia.

Sooo long story short, he was crying and accusing me of taking away his favourite thing.

I mean, you can't blame me. You would totally have done the same thing as me if you were next to death- aka Tony being drunk. You know, he should be thanking me, instead.

I had enough of Tones acting like a baby so I did something about it. I pounced on Anthony's lap and meowed. I looked up at him and gave him the most cutest eyes I could muster. "Awwwww~ You look sooo adorable, " he cooed. I will seriously regret this later but right now, I seriously needed to fix this crisis.

Tones poked me on my cheek and it took all my power to not *hiss* and scratch that bothering nincompoop.

He grabbed me and put me next to the keyboard on the desk. Anthony tapped and tapped and tapped and ta- I stopped myself from carrying on with the tapping nonsense. I got picked up again but instead of getting put on the floor or somewhere else- he hugged me.

Lol, heh Mia's in quite a sticky situation but I'm pretty sure she appreciates it, hehe

Hope u enjoyed this chapter and sorry for uploading late: I got ma iPhone grounded and Wattpad is terrible on computer/ laptop, sooo heh.

Words: 1152
Bye Bye my sweets

-Stortime

Part 14

Heyo~ ma readers
Imma is sorry for loading late and plz forgive me!
I hope u enjoy it...and I don't know what else to say...sooo
awkward glances
Yeah hehe...

Loki P.O.V

The cat shuffled to the door and I felt a random pang of remorse for some reason. It felt as if I wanted to take back what I said and...yeah.

But I didn't. Why? I don't know, yet again.

"So why did Mia come here?" I whipped my head back to Natasha, who was looking at me dead in the eye. Okay, it wasn't like I was scared or anything but it looked like she was catching on.

No.

She is *not* going to notice and I'll make sure of it. "It was probably a blunder of Mia. Not my responsibility." I shrugged it off but it wasn't working- she was slowly figuring it out.

"Ok, then. Answer me this: what happened before the attack, before you came to Midgard- aka here." Nu-uh, I am not telling anyone that, it was my lowest life point. I mean what would you do; tell them. Pffft as if.

Ok, there's only one thing left to do, *lie.* And it has to be reliable, kinda. If this backfires then I'm making a run for it. Yeah not like me...but I know a place.

"If you insist, I guess I can allow a small story. Shall we start from the beginning; I'm pretty sure the oaf told you about how I fell off the Bifröst. Well, from there I fell and fell but soon I hit the ground.

It was another planet, I presume that is how you mortals say it. In that realm, I was hidden by anyone so technically, no one can comprehend where I was by any means necessary. After that, I came across a shapeshifting species called Chitauri they worshipped me like a king and I lead them here to show you, petty mortals, how generous I can be. But then Thor came and *ruined* everything I worked for. Oh yeah, by the way, I had the Tesseract all along. There you happy now. Good, you better be. Now leave me be."

I made it up, yeah. It was around the time the Avengers figured out what occurred but there's no way I'm going to tell them about anything that happened then hence that's why I'm lying about the truth.
Well, I'm only slightly bending the truth- what do mortals call it? I'm sugar-coating it, I believe that's what they say.

"I'm not finished yet, there are a few more things I'd like to ask. What happened to your skin and why did you suddenly turn cold?" Natasha seriously wasn't taking it easy, was she. Okay, they all know about the facades and illusions I can do, then lets say I just did the same thing. Sounds good.

"You know the illusions I can make," after a nod from her I carried on, "well, I used that but it's the sudden appear from someone's touch." She probably fell for it, hopefully. "Is that all?"Natasha asked another thing. Oh come on, how many questions is she going to ask?

I nodded, and waited for another statement like: don't lie or maybe: if you don't tell the truth you're going to regret it. But, nothing else...

Ok, she's not like anyone I know, huh.

"Are you finished? If you are I'd like to ask your leave," I moved aside from the door as I asked Natasha- as polite as I could be at that time.

Natasha P.O.V

I looked to the door. I couldn't just leave, there's a lot more I need

to ask, a lot more I need to figure out, a lot more things can go wrong if I don't find out. My mind turned into knots: what's wrong with Clint and Loki, is there something wrong between them, were those scars real, if so how did he get them? What's behind the masks?

I know that Clint got manipulated but that can't be just it, right?

I ignored those thoughts. If somethings wrong with Clint he'll tell me and if Loki is behind any nonesence, I would notice- right? I got this. I need to ask a few questions, but not now. There's too many things to figure out now so I'll leave him alone after cleaning this up- since if those scars of his are *real* then that means doing anything harsh is dangerous for him. I should try and ask after a few days. I still need to catch on with Thor and ask him on how this *magic* works then I also have to tell the others what I found out about Loki. I don't need to worry about lying about how I found this out- the rest are too dumb to ask, hehe, this'll be easy.

I shook my head and then walked to the sink, grabbed a cloth as I walked there, and then turned on the tap. I reached underneath the sink and clutched a bucket. I filled it with cold water and then twisted the tap to turn it off. I dropped the cloth in the water and clasped the full bucket. I put it on the floor and got on my knees, lifted my sleeves and got the piece of fabric. After knowing it was fully soaked, I pulled it out and started scrubbing the floor.

Oh ma gods! Is Natasha Ramanov cleaning the GROUND!

Yeah, just because Tony is part of my team doesn't mean I get a personal cleaner, ok? I don't get a mini robot walking around with me everywhere and cleans any mess I make.

Whilst I was cleaning the floor, I noticed- from the corner of my eye- Loki looked...confused. Why on earth would he be confused?

Well maybe because you're cleaning the ground, duh. My mind recalled.

Okay, now I know that there's something wrong with Loki and he isn't going to confess what it is. That means it must be something

before the attack that's bothering him or he might be figuring out how to run away without us finding out.
So we have to keep an eye on him- I mean we always were looking out but this is different, somehow.

Time skip brought to you by Storytime (~^-^)~ Hehe (aka author chan)

The floor looked as clean as it looked before and now I was walking back to the common room. It was quiet and I looked around.

The team were all sleeping in *odd* places.

Clint was sleeping on top of the TV like a shirt hung on a washing line. Thor laid on the floor- head facing the ceiling. Steve was sleeping but sat upright in a criss-cross apple sauce stance. Sam, yeah he is here too, was sprawled on the couch with his head drooping over the edge of the sofa and Tony...he wasn't here.

Erm, he probably's in the lab.

Sorry for uploading late and yeah...hehe
Ur welcome for idk...no reason I just felt like saying that.
I know that Natasha may seem of character but bare with me- and her- she's got a lot of pressure on her, okay 😓 oh well...

Words: 1219

-Storytime

Part 15

Heyo~
Sorry for uploading late cuz I don't have enough time on my hands sooo hehe. I'm sure you understand👍
Hopefully
Enjoy ^-^

Natasha P.O.V

I walked to the sofa and put my hands on my hips, *what am I supposed to do with these weirdos?* I looked over to Sam and near his feet were a stack of blankets.

Were they that lazy, that they couldn't be bothered to at least put it on themselves? Urgh.

I grabbed one of the grey/marble coloured throw-on blankets and laid it over Sam. Though, his legs and hands didn't fully fit. I draped another one on Steve's shoulders and dropped one on Thor's face- he moves around and is too loud when he's warm or the room is stuffy. I plopped one on Bruce. He makes himself comfortable so I didn't have to worry about him.

I stared at Clint, who was holding a blanket in his hand. And -with no idea if he was pleased or not with his position- I yanked the last one out of Clint's grip and threw it over him.

There we go, that'll do it.

I got the remote and then walked over to the island table and found some ice cream. *They seriously left the ice cream out of the freezer. How stupid can they be?*

I put it back in the freezer and decided that popcorn it is.
I got comfortable on the sofa and wrapped myself with a blanket.

Author P.O.V (it's like me narrating)

So, right about now, Tony and Mia were working on something -Tony doing the work and Mia watching him-, Natasha was wrapped in a blanket like a burrito watching something Peter (yeah, Peter Parker the smol bean) suggested and Loki... let's see.

Back to Loki~

Loki sat on the floor, a blanket covered around him. It was a bit cold and-yes- he is a frost giant and immune to the cold, but he didn't want to deal with the monster side of himself right now. At this time, he wanted to ignore who he truly was- but reality can't be hidden forever and Loki knew that.
With no clear emotion shown on Loki's face, he gazed out of the window, which had the cloud's tears tapping on it now and then. The sky wasn't so bitter tonight and was only showering. The raindrops were peaceful, nice and calming but Loki's mind, on the other hand, was storming with troublesome questions. He couldn't focus.

Miss Romanoff now knows -nearly- the truth about him and everything that happened before all this nonesence began. If she finds out fully, then the rest of them will know and that will cause confusion and Loki just couldn't deal with that right now.
Why can't life go back to being easy like before? Loki thought. *Or why can't Odin just lock me up and let me die at the hands of those stupid guards?*

Loki's thoughts carried on appearing in his head- giving him an annoying headache. With every idea, the worst the thoughts got. It reached the point where he crossed the thought of-

No, he told himself.
He would not stoop to that level of fatuousness and stupidity to go ahead and end his existence for the sake of everyone's satisfaction. That would also go against everything he instructed himself not to do when...*that* happened.

(a/n ya know...Thanos. Yeah😶)

He shook the thought out of his mind and clutched tighter onto the blanket. He was cold -no not physically you idiots- on the inside of

course and he kept getting shivers down his spine. Loki felt the same way he felt...

Okay, he instructed, don't think about it. Distract yourself.

He looked up from his shaking hands and stared at the vibrant glow that shined from the busy city. If he focused really hard, he could hear the petty mortals carry on with their business. After all, it was the city that never sleeps.
Only a little further from the tower, a spider was swinging from tower to tower. Spiderman, as most people know him but he's just a kid called Peter Parker. He was heading to the tower after texting to '*Mr Stark*'- as Peter says- that he was coming over to help him on the experiment.

Peter attached himself to the Avengers tower and crawled to the window he always goes through. The room Peter was crawling towards was the same room Loki was sitting in.

Welp, let's see what happens, huh?

Sorry for making it short and not uploading quick enough...
Okay, thanks for reading. Tbh I thought you lost interest in the book🕳
Words: 784
Bye
-Storytime

Part 16

[image]

Heyo
The song above isn't mine...I found it and thought it was so relatable- same with u? 😊
Sorry for uploading late
Last time I left you on a cliffhanger- kinda- sooo let's see what happens?...

Peter P.O.V

I crawled towards my usual entrance. The room wasn't used that much but a kitten named Mia always sleeps there- well mainly. Mia also uses it as where she plays with me while I'm around.

I peeked in to see if anyone was there. And surprisingly there was someone who had a blanket wrapped around their shoulders. I looked closer and turns out it's a he. 'I've never seen him before?' I thought.

I didn't want to scare him so I stayed hidden. I gazed at what he was doing.
The lights were turned off inside but on the outside, the vibrant colours shining and the stars in the sky surrounding the full moon, gave off enough light to shine onto his face.
He was pale and his eyes were dead- no colour left. Tears fell slowly from his eyes and ran down his cheeks. The man didn't bother wiping them away but only gripped onto the blanket. Blue crept across his face then retreated and his pale colour came back.

I wanted to ask him what was wrong...although that would scare him.
But first of all who is he?
Is he a friend of Mr Stark?

I pulled off my mask only so then you can see my face but it stayed on my head in case I need to pull it down. I slightly pushed a

window open and hopped in.

Um, but the person saw that and stood up rather quickly - which caused him to wobble. Then his face returned to full colour and he looked as healthy as ever. His tears vanished as if it never happened. So I was imagining it, good. I smiled brightly and asked, "Sir, are you a friend of Mr Stark?"

The man only frowned and said, "I'm Loki. Don't you mortals know anything."

Woah, whoa, whoa, hold up. He's Loki? As in, the one and only Loki!
Apparently, I said that out loud and Loki looked as confused as ever.
Awarded...
I tried to fix the weird fanboy burst by saying something like:
Oh aren't you that villain that destroyed most of this city and wanted to take over with monsters...

But all that came out was me being stoopid and saying:
I've always wanted to meet you and now I do! Oh wait, aren't you a prince?

Then I frantically bowed down and then stood back to my original position.
I got carried away by talking about Loki and asking him a bunch of questions but then before he answered them I would talk answering them myself.

Oh no, my manners!
If Aunt May found out about me being this rude, she'd kill me. Then bring my soul back to life...then kill me again.
Abruptly, I stopped rambling and apologised, "Sorry, Mr-Loki-sir."

Loki P.O.V

The child that jumped into the room suddenly started talking and everything happened so fast...I barely had time to cover myself in a spell.
It's the hologram one that covers up anything on me and replaces it with a smooth finish.

Mother taught me that one and she would say that it works like a charm- unless someone or something comes close.

Back to the point, a person around the age of 16(?) in mortal year's fell into the room and started talking as if I were his idle. Then he bowed down saying I was a prince...
Weird, I haven't got that response from a mortal before. But then again, I haven't seen this mortal when I invaded sooo this is a change. Is he a new member to the team? The oaf did mention another *'Avenger'* joining the heroes he- no. This child is too young or has Anthony lost his mind.

"Who are you?" If can get enough information (about the way this tower works and the Avengers) out of him then I can get out of this hell.
The child looked like he's just seen a ghost and paled. "I'm Spiderman- but you can call me Peter..." then after suddenly realising what he said, he put a hand over his mouth and mumbled to himself.

I couldn't hear quite well so just ignored it.

The door opened slightly and a small figure came in...

Mia P.O.V

"Sir, Peter has arrived, " FRIDAY alerted Tony and, to my surprise, he smiled and asked if FRIDAY could tell Peter to come.
On the other hand, when I heard Peter was here, I leapt out of Tony's lap and ran upstairs.
Peter always comes into the same room so I knew where I was going.

I pushed the door open- slightly- and stepped in. Although, I wished that I *didn't* because as soon as I did, I saw Loki. That annoying, backstabbing, little-
"Mia!" Peter cut my thoughts short and walked towards me. He picked me up and hugged me... I liked it- just a little though so that doesn't mean other humans can do it cause I won't allow it.

"I missed you. How are you doing?" Peter held me close to him, his

suit wasn't the most comforting but I missed him too nonetheless. Peter was my most favourite human, tasha as well, he bought me treats then and again and he actually notices me.
Talking about food, my tummy rumbled and Peter must of heard or something so he took of his back pack, put it down, sat down too and put me- curled up- on his lap.

"I bought you some food, and I thought I should get you a different thing today, " saying this, he unzipped his bag and pulled out a packet. Peter opened it and the smell hit me. It smelled delicious- hope it tastes like that too.
He grabbed one and gave it to me.

The taste was amazing- I admit - I meowed and if I could smile I would've.

Third P.O.V

Mia totally forgot about Loki, who stood awkwardly in the background.
Peter smiled when he saw Mia loved the food he got so he slung his bag over his shoulder, holding Mia and the food, and decided to go help Mr Stark with his work.

I'm sorry for not updating regularly.
Words: 1070
Thx for reading and bye!
-Storytime

Part 17

[image]

My photography 👌
Don't be angry at me for not updating(I'd understand if u are)- I wanted some me-time and I wasn't thinking of carrying this on...I was selfish
Forgive meeeee 😓
Thx for reading...
Peter P.O.V

"Mr Stark, I'll be going now- is that okay?" Peter asked putting away the notebook into his black backpack and zipping the bag shut. Said name looked up from the piece of mechanism and smiled broadly, "Yeah sure. Oh, there's also some leftover food in the lounge. Tasha's there too."

I nodded and internally gleamed at Mr Stark's smile -he didn't do that much. Before hoisting my bag over my shoulder, I grabbed my fluffy coat from inside and wore it over my spiderman suit so I didn't have to wait for it to dry when I got home. I petted Mia a little and then walked out after saying a quick 'bye' to Mr Stark.

I jogged up the stairs to the lounge and...well... it was a sight to see.

The rest of the team were sleeping in- let's say- very *odd* positions. Aunty Tasha (what I call her) was watching...ANIME!
(is it okay for Peter to like anime in this book cuz he always talks about star wars _and it's not that I have anything against star wars it's just that it's repeated_ tell me what you think about it)

"Hi, Tasha," I whispered. I didn't want to wake the rest of the team but Tasha only laughed, "No need to be that quiet Peter. They're fast asleep."
Nodding, I saw the leftover food that Mr Stark was talking about and grabbed it. Then- at that moment- Mr Prince Loki sir appeared in my thoughts.

"Ummm, Tasha, " I said turning my head around. She didn't turn away from the screen but knew something was wrong. Stopping the anime halfway, she looked over to me and gave a faint smiled, "Is there something wrong?"
I shook my head and asked, " Could you thank Mr Stark for the food. There's somewhere I need to go."

Understanding what I meant, Tasha nodded and mumbled a short 'Ok' before she turned around and resumed the anime she was watching.
I held the snack in my hands- tightly- and I walked through to the next hallway. I kind of learnt the whole tower's hallways because Mr Clint sir taught me through the vents/ his territory.

I soon found the room and knocked on the door. It was my basic manners and Mr Loki sir was also royal so it was a *must!* I put on my mask so I could ask my AI for help- I installed an awesome thing that makes it able for me to talk to Karen and no one else notices. It was like a soundproof sorta thing and Ned loved it, as much as MJ didn't care.
Now that I knew Karen was there to help, I opened the door slightly, taking a deep breath to calm down the growing tension inside of me.

"Can I come in Mr Loki-Prince sir?" I always had a stupid addiction to using way too many formalities- but I couldn't help it.
A low and quiet 'yes' answered my question and the corners of my mouth slightly turned upwards, knowing that Mr Loki- sir didn't want me gone.
Taking a step in, I closed the four behind me as quietly as possible and, looking around, it seemed like Loki sir didn't do much here.
Must be boring...
a quiet and unhappy part of me replied. I should try and visit more- maybe Mr Loki sir would like to become my friend!

But then I remembered... Me Stark said that I couldn't.

□✧A few minutes earlier✧□

"Hey Peter, " Mr Stark said suddenly whilst he was typing away on the laptop. I perked up, looking from my homework, and turned to look at

him, "Yes Mr Stark?"

He started to talk about the New York invasion. You know the one with all those Chitarui and monsters from space - yeah Mr Stark reminded me of that.
Confused about the sudden change of topic I asked what was wrong and got a reply I wasn't expecting.

"Soooo~ I don't know much but Reindeer game's staying over for a while...and it might be sorta bad if you bumped into him. I don't want you to bump into him? It'll cause a commotion that I don't want to deal with. Do you understand? I mean you know what's right and all so you do you buttttt just in case."

Whoops, I already talked to Mr Loki prince sir, it was only once.
Yeah, yeah. It was only once and won't happen again.

□✧Back to the present✧□

Now I going to go talk to Mr Loki sir although Mr Stark told me not to. I'm sooo stoopid.
I'll only talk one more time and *then* I'll avoid him.
Yeah sounds good!

I saw Mr Loki sir in a corner and he was reading a book. I wonder where he got that from.

It's his awesome magic of course!
Duhhhh

Okay, I got this. Anyway, all I have to do is say, 'Sorry for interrupting you and I hope you have a good day.'
Yea that sounds good and if I add a 'your Majesty' and courtesy, then it'll be better- hopefully.
-Wait no, that's stoopid and Mr Loki sir will think I weird and he'll hate me for the rest of my life...

Third P.O.V

Whilst Peter was thinking over what he should say, Loki closed his -illusional and fake- book quietly. Watching Peter closely, noting everything about him, Loki tried to remember all the events that

happened in the invasion and

(a/n this didn't happen but I wanted to add it in and it may not add up to the timeline but yeah?)

remembered a spider-human saving the citizens in the background- trying not to be noticed. Of course, Loki saw him but the Avengers didn't see the little helper. *But now*, Loki thought, *the Avengers have probably recruited him.*

Then an idea sparked into his mind and the thought of mind-controlling this 'hero' and use him for information-
No that'll never work.

And Loki was right...it'll never work. Peter's personality can never be faked.

Peter, on the other hand, found out the words he wanted to say and took a deep breath.

"SorryforannoyingyouandIhopeyouforgiveme! Auselessthinglikemecan'doanythingright!" Peter rushed and bowed. He kept his head tilted down and tried to accomplished a crab-like walk sideways but he couldn't manage to get to the door.
Before he did,
He somehow slipped and fell forwards in Loki's direction, which caused Loki's spell to drop.

In that one second, Loki's scars appeared, his pale and sickly skin surfaced. It also showed his tired and broken eyes which held a life of pain- the tear stains on his face presented themselves.

Loki, himself, didn't realize until after a minute and before he could cover-up, Peter saw it. 'No it couldn't be. It can't be real can it- I was imagining it right.'

Ummm this wasn't as long as I wished but I'm on holiday and wanted you guys and gurls and non binaries to have fun reading.
Bye bye my sweets
-Storytime

False alert

[image] [image] [image]

I've been tagged so I'm forced to tell ya'll about me
Here we goooooo...

1) It was Loki. Yeh no joke. (Or maybe Alan Walker idk)

2) Anime

3) I don't have one, sorry

4) don't have one either.

5) Odd1sout , Jaiden Animations, Emirichu, you get it right? Basically animators.

6) I went and played the glockenspiel for like a lot of people and that was my very first concert.

7) Venom

8) Tom Hiddleston/ Benedict Cumberbatch

9) Tom Hiddleston (yeh ik)

10) No actually. Except that my sisters think I'm weird for falling in love with fictional characters

11) Percy Jackson (the whole series including Heroes of Olympus, The trials of Apollo, etc)

12) Sherlock Holmes (BBC iplayer)

13) Depends on the fandom but has to be Nico Di Angelo:

14) I love L (Death note fandom)

15) I hate that people ship paedophilic ships like Hisoka x Gon. (A 28 year old -Hisoka- and a 12 year old -Gon-) search it up, I dare you

16) No, I'm sorry but ya'll gotstu perish.

17)Nope

18) Noooooooo sadly *sniff sniff*

19) If some hoodies of Haikyuu characters work then yeah. Just twice but I want to buy more.

20) If it means: What was the best thing about being a fangirl then it is:

-when you meet someone else who likes the same thing and they are literally your best friend.

Yosh, ikzo

I gtg. Before ya'll kill me for not uploading, tata my sweets🍬

-Storytime

Part 18

Heyo~
I haven't been uploading lately and this has gotten quite busy with views
(Ps... thx for the votes and everything)
So I decided to upload for New Year's sake...
Here we go.

Peter P.O.V

Time itself stopped when Mr Prince Loki's mask dropped. I saw it -clearly- but I was definitely doubting myself. It can't be can it.

Mr Loki sir is lying.

I mean, that whole sentence can change so much. Like, if 'yes' then that means something *big* happened between the fight and now. But if 'no' then I could possibly be jumping to false theories that are based of hunches.
What did that guy from London always say, 'base theories from facts and not to bend facts to suit theories??' I don't know...but I can ask Karen right.

Yeah, so know all I need to do is go back to searching New York for any trouble and along the way I'll figure things out. Yup, that sounds about right.

"Wow, aren't I very clumsy today, hehe," I laughed trying to ease the increasing tension in the room. Although that just caused Loki to raise his suspicion in me, I waved my hand and said more apologies- suddenly remembering what Aunt May always says about me saying sorry and whatnot.

Slowly making my way around the room, I got to the windows and lifted my mask so you could only see my lower face and I gave Mr Loki sir a smile.

Hopefully that'll make him a bit happier- I think.

Of course he didn't return it but MJ didn't too sometimes, although she is my friend, right. I'm also sure that I can see a small little twinkle in his eye too, which means that- I'm losing focus. "Goodbye and good night, Mr Loki sir." I stated before I left.

I shouldn't have said Good night. Mr Loki sir probably doesn't even need sleep because he's a God and a prince. What if he thinks that I'm telling him to go to sleep and that I look down on him and now he probably hates me and he doesn't want to talk to me ever again and thinks that-
"Peter, I think you should stop worrying about Mr Odinson and maybe go home."

"Ok, I'll go home after I do some work, yeah?"
"Yeah, sure."

Time skip brought to by Storytime

I sat on the edge of the nearest building I could get to and lifted my lower mask up so I could breathe. It wasn't like I couldn't with my mask on but it definitely felt better.
"Peter, won't you go home? I thought you would now."

I chuckled to myself. Karen was always worried about me and I really appreciate it but,"I'll be fine but can you help me figure out something?" Her silence was enough to answer my question. "Did you catch it on camera?" She knows what I was talking about and luckily I installed a camera for all types of purposes.

"Yes, would you like to take a look?"

I nodded and a file appeared in front of me. Pressing play, I ignored everything around me and put all of my focus on the video.

Yes this was very short and I apologise but I forgot all my intentions for the book so now I'm a bit clueless □□□
Thanks for reading though- I really appreciate it!!!

- Storytime